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The Shape of Things

IT IS NOT PLEASANT TO QUESTION THE President's good faith; it is equally painful to question his good sense. But we are not surprised that some of the news men at his press conference last week betrayed doubt of one or the other when he told them about the plan he and Ambassador Hayes had concocted to restore the damaged art treasures and historical monuments of Spain in order to preserve a noble culture and, incidentally, to encourage Spanish tourist trade after the war. Was this move intended to brace the tottering stage-set of Spanish neutrality? The President waved the question aside as unworthy. Might not some people feel reluctant to give aid of any sort to the Franco dictatorship? Matters of culture, the President responded, transcended political differences. If this kind of talk were genuine it would reveal an innocence we would never impute to Mr. Roosevelt. And so we are driven to the conclusion that our appeasers in Washington have something up their sleeve which the President is helping them to conceal. But we hate to see our Chief Executive supporting a new scheme for buttering up the unspeakable Franco under cover of an obvious pretense.

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AND EVEN THE PRETENSE IS DISGUSTING. Spain's culture will be restored when Spain is free. Not before. Spain will be free when the Spanish people have been given an opportunity to smash the fascist regime now held in power by hunger and the arms of Hitler. To restore the material substance of the nation's culture while leaving intact the tyranny that chokes its very life is an affront to the people of Spain, in and out of Franco's jails. The scheme fits neatly—too neatly—with the rumor printed in these columns four weeks ago of the planned restoration of another historical relic—Don Juan, heir to the Spanish throne. And both harmonize with the happy dream that bemuses both Whitehall and the State Department—the dream of a safe, sober, clerical fascism, which, if nurtured during the war with dollars and oil, may serve to dispel the nightmare of revolution in post-Nazi Europe. Meanwhile Franco's Blue Division crusades for Christian culture on the eastern front.

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BUT POLITICAL MANEUVERS CAN BE AS intricate as the design on an archbishop's robe. The appeasement of Franco has always had its practical aspects. Not only have we built up a nice little trade with Spain but we are attempting, as in France and formerly in Italy, to hold in power those elements which might possibly favor the Allied cause in the war. That the German command keeps several divisions on the Spanish border and an army of some 150,000 technicians and officials inside Spain is not enough to discourage our appeasers. They hope against hope—and against the crude rebuffs of the Spanish government—that Spain may be friendly or at least neutral in the great approaching showdown. It is likely that the imminence of major action in North Africa is playing a part in Washington's latest overtures to Franco. Whether our government really believes that in return for some restored monuments and the expectation of future profits Spain—and Hitler—will allow Allied troops to sweep through Morocco and Tangier to attack Rommel in the rear, or whether it merely hopes that Spain will remain immobilized, one can only guess. But it is safe to say that North Africa is at least one of the loops in the intricate pattern that lies behind Mr. Roosevelt's too innocent proposal.

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NO SPECULATION IN FUTURE FAVORS, however, can counteract the immediate effect of that proposal in Latin America. There the friends of the United States and the United Nations will receive the news with a mixture of confusion and discouragement. It will take more subtlety than young Mr. Rockefeller has ever demonstrated to explain to Latin American democrats why the United States should promote the cause of Franco's Spanish culture, which already has its many spokesmen, members of Franco's phalanx, working more directly: they expound Spain's cultural mission to oust North American influence and spread the blessings of the New Order in Latin America. As for *turismo,* it is already well established between Latin America and Spain, but the flow of travel is the other way and it is monopolized by the agents of our enemies.

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THE BATTLE OF STALINGRAD IS TAKING A grave turn after several days in which the Russians succeeded in holding their line. Not only had they roused the city itself to the pitch of popular heroism which proved so effective at Leningrad, but General Zhukov's timely attack in the north had created an important diversion. It looks now as if the Russians were throwing into the battle both around Moscow and in the Caucasus all their reserve forces. Whether or not this supreme decision is the result of a combined plan drawn up during Prime Minister Churchill's visit to Stalin nobody knows. It may be that the Russians are coming to the conclusion that the talk about a second front in the west is likely to remain talk and that as a consequence they had better open a second front in Russia itself. But if it seems dangerous, from a military point of view, to rely exclusively on the relief that such emergency operations as that of Rzhev may bring to the main Russian armies, from a political point of view it is even more risky. Already comment in Russia on the chances of an early western front is becoming more bitter every day. Reliable American reporters agree that even if help is given them this fall, the Russians will not easily forget the price in strength and millions of lives they paid for the privilege of fighting Hitler alone in Europe. We understand that bitterness and we share it. As we watch the Russians fighting with the admirable élan and ability they have shown all this last week, we ask ourselves where we would be today if since May, when the Germans renewed their attack in the east, a British-American expeditionary force had been attacking in the west. Three valuable months have been lost. But there is still time for a major drive on the part of the United Nations that will save the Russian armies and restore confidence in the unity of action of the Allies.

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DONALD NELSON HAS AN EXCELLENT opportunity to exhibit his much-publicized "toughness" by undertaking a wholesale reorganization of the iron and steel division of the WPB. Frederick S. Libbey wrote a report to show what was wrong with this vital department and was fired for mentioning the matter first to the press. He may well feel vindicated, however, by the subsequent resignations of Reese H. Taylor, head of the division, and his deputy, R. C. Allen. It is now up to Mr. Nelson to appoint successors who can be relied upon to clear out the high-powered steel sales executives who at a dollar a year have proved an expensive bargain for the people of the United States. There is no need to search for ulterior motives; the present shortage of steel is itself proof that these gentlemen have failed in their job. And in war time we cannot be tender of the feelings of those who fail. Mr. Nelson has rightly said of the WPB, "It takes too damn long to get things done around here"—a theme on which *The Nation* and other liberal critics have been harping for many months. It has taken too long to shut down unessential industries which were absorbing precious raw materials, and it has taken too long to correct the maldistribution of steel which is now so serious a bottleneck in war production. By depriving army and navy procurement and contract officers of the power to assign preference ratings to individual contracts Mr. Nelson has taken a step toward obtaining a smoother flow of materials. But more heads will have to roll if excess inventories are to be jimmied out of favored

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firms and materials allocated to the places where they are most needed, without regard to the wishes of the suppliers.

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WITH THE THREAT OF INFLATION GROWING despite the comparative stability in the cost-of-living index over the past five months, the President has promised to announce on Labor Day new steps to keep prices within bounds. At a press conference last week he made it clear that wages as well as farm prices would have to be controlled, since it was impossible to restrict one without the other. We are in entire agreement with this general proposition but eagerly await details. Mr. Roosevelt hinted that the matter was too urgent to allow for new legislation, and it is believed that he contemplates taking measures under his general war powers as commander-in-chief. The inability of Congress to grasp the problems of war economics in their larger aspects and its spinal weakness when subjected to group pressures certainly do not encourage the hope of speedy action on Capitol Hill. Nevertheless, the by-passing of Congress on such a question cannot be regarded as a desirable precedent. In order to effect a genuine stabilization of farm prices the President must abrogate specific provisions written into the Price Control Act—a challenge to Congress which might well provoke a prolonged constitutional struggle. The only apparent alternative would be the wholesale use of subsidies in order to bridge the gap between "ceiled" food prices to the consumer and actual farm prices as permitted by the present law. This obviously would not mean genuine stabilization and would pave the way to a demand for subsidies by all sorts of other interests.

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TO HEAR ARTHUR KROCK TELL THE STORY, the Germans had little to do with Brazil's entering the war. They only torpedoed six Brazilian ships within nine days, with a loss of more than 600 lives. According to Mr. Krock and "a Washington official" whom he cites without quoting in a special dispatch to the New York *Times,* what really made Brazil a belligerent was the faith of Getulio Vargas that the Axis was doomed and the far-seeing eye of our State Department, which "refused to oppose the totalitarian forms of government he introduced" despite the foolish clamor of "American opponents of any kind of dictatorship anywhere." Of course, Krock concedes, "the economic dependence of Brazil on the United States and the loans and other concessions that we have made belong in the outline" and "finally, the provocations to war furnished Brazil by Germany." But by and large it was "the strength and convictions of Vargas" and the sympathetic attitude of Hull and Welles toward his regime that produced such happy results. Aside from mild surprise that Mr. Krock should frown on "American opponents of any kind of dictatorship anywhere" (remember the Four Freedoms?), our feeling about this curious dispatch is that someone is trying pathetically to pull a diplomatic victory out of a hat. Of course the Good Neighbor policy helped to carry Vargas along, but before getting too maudlin about Sumner Welles's "sympathetic public discussion" of the Brazilian dictatorship, to which Mr. Krock attributes so many good results, let's remember that not long afterward Vargas reciprocated in a speech studded with references to "the sterile demagogy of political democracy."

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THE OPERATIONS AT MILNE BAY AND THE Solomon Islands during the past week have been overplayed in the press, but they are definite and important successes. The Milne Bay action seems to have resulted in a clear-cut victory for the United Nations forces. For the first time since the beginning of the war, nearly nine months ago, a carefully planned Japanese attack has been frustrated by land troops. The success of the United States aerial and naval forces in sinking or badly damaging three destroyers and beating off two more air raids on the Solomons is perhaps less impressive. But even these limited triumphs may be taken as evidence that the Japanese are not so irresistible as they appeared three or four months ago. They also indicate rather clearly that Japan is not massing for an all-out attack on Australia. But it would be folly to conclude from these minor skirmishes that Japan is weakening or has given up its traditional strategy of attack. On the contrary, the apparent withdrawal of Japanese troops in China and the failure of the Japanese to regain the initiative in the Southwest Pacific can only mean that Japan is planning a new offensive elsewhere.

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THIRTY THOUSAND HUMAN BEINGS WHO also happen to be Jews have been seized in France in the past two months on orders from Hitler. They include all non-French Jews who have entered France since 1936. The men have been sent in cattle cars to Eastern Europe to perform forced labor for the Germans; the women and children have been put in concentration camps. Once more Vichy has "yielded to German pressure," and the good Catholic, Pétain, rather than give up the pretense of being head of the French state, has "collaborated" in the latest Nazi man-hunt—despite protests from the Pope himself, from emissaries whom he sent to Vichy, and from the archbishops of Paris and Lyons. Moreover, Vichy has refused permission to Catholic, Protestant, and Quaker organizations to feed the victims. According to one dispatch, if this forced migration does not meet the need for farm and mine labor, the Germans intend to "ask" that Vichy gather up all expatriates who arrived in France after 1933. Hitler not only wants a fresh labor supply; he is determined to take into Nazi

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custody all Germans, Jews and non-Jews, who emigrated after his rise to power. This fresh and terrible evidence that Pétain and Laval are merely the French agents of Hitler demonstrates anew the folly of the State Department in acquiescing in Vichy's pretense of neutrality and independence; but since it persists in that policy it should at least enter a vigorous protest.

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NOT QUITE A YEAR AGO NEWSPAPERS ALL over the country were pleased to give hundreds of columns to a story about 1,121 government employees who had been branded as Communists by the Dies commitee. The Department of Justice has spent ten months and $100,000 checking on the accuracy of the charges. It has just completed its researches, but this time only *PM* has given the story the attention it deserves. For the investigation shows that the Dies committee was right in exactly 2 cases and wrong in 1,119. In other words, on the basis of this survey the Dies committee is accurate .0017 per cent of the time. J. Edgar Hoover, himself an experienced red-baiter, says that he has had better luck in ferreting out subversives when he has relied on the random letters and telephone calls of persons, generally cranks, who carry on their own private investigations. Out of 3,000 unofficial tips from such individuals, 40 were substantiated. Attorney General Biddle will soon submit his department's full report to Congress. We hope it will lead to the end of the Dies committee.

China Comes Back

THE unexpected success of the Chinese army in Chekiang and Kiangsi provinces during the past five weeks must be regarded as one of the most significant triumphs achieved by a United Nations force since the United States entered the war. It is unquestionably the most important victory achieved by Chinese arms in more than five years of fighting. In late June and early July the situation on the Chinese front was desperate. Ignoring heavy casualties, the Japanese had succeeded in pushing westward through the rich province of Chekiang, occupying all the seaports not already in their hands and taking over the whole of the Hangchow-Nanchang railway. This force effected a junction with another pushing southeastward through Kiangsi from the city of Nanchang. Japanese propagandists spoke exultantly of the prospect of opening up through railway service from Shanghai to Singapore, utilizing the newly captured rail link. The Japanese also gloated over the capture of the modern airports at Chuhsien, Lishui, and Yushan—the only airports from which raids on Tokyo were believed possible.

Then, in the latter part of July, the Chinese counter-attacked and gained a foothold on the strategic railway line. They made slow progress at first, but in mid-August they reoccupied Shanjao and Kweiki. By the end of the month all the air bases had been retaken, and Nanchang itself was under attack. Nearly 250 miles of what had once been an important railway were again in Chinese hands, and the Japanese were still retreating. The speed of their retirement and their ruthless destruction of all towns and villages along their route suggest that it was a planned withdrawal and that the Chinese attacks only hastened it. This is quite possible; the Japanese have made strategic withdrawals before, although none on this scale. But while they may have decided to withdraw part of their troops in this area for use elsewhere, and in the process evacuated some of their outlying posts, they can hardly have surrendered voluntarily such cities as Lishui and Chuhsien, which could be used as bases for bombing Japan, or the important port of Wenchow, a bare 200 miles from Formosa.

If we have made proper preparations, the recapture of these cities permits a fundamental reorientation of United Nations strategy in the war against Japan. The attack on the Solomons suggests that in the absence of a more direct way of striking at Japan the United States had decided in favor of a costly island-to-island approach. It is now possible to strike at the concentrated industrial centers and "paper cities" of Japan from the air. This will not be easy. Planes, fliers, and technicians will have to be diverted from other zones. Getting the necessary planes and supplies into China from India over the Himalayas will be a formidable task. Fighter planes for protection as well as bombers will be needed. The planes now in China are but a fraction of the number that must be sent if we plan a serious aerial blow against Japan.

The technical obstacles to an all-out aerial offensive against Tokyo, Osaka, and the other Japanese industrial centers are tremendous, but they are not likely to prove as difficult to overcome as the political obstacles. Despite its heroic achievements China has been a stepchild among the United Nations. We deliberately chose to concentrate our forces for the defense of Australia instead of protecting Burma and the route to China. Although China has been seeking planes for years, our Army Air Force planes and pilots did not actually reach China and go into action until July. Reports indicate that many of the transport planes originally intended for service between India and China have been diverted for use within India. The Chinese have suffered from our failure to provide aid, but we too have paid a heavy price for our neglect. There was a period of seven months during which we could have used Chinese bases to bomb Tokyo, but we did it only once. Quite unexpectedly and undeservedly, another opportunity has been given us. This time we must make full use of it.

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India Means It

BY LOUIS FISCHER

ON FRIDAY, August 21, 50,000 Indian workingmen demanded the release of Gandhi and went on strike at the Tata munitions works, which embrace the biggest steel mill in the British Empire. This has not been reported by the press anywhere. The strike wave in India is spreading. The most disturbed areas are the vital mining and factory region of Behar, Madras, the United Provinces, the Central Province, and the Bombay Presidency. In many places the tearing up of rails has completely disrupted railroad traffic. Telegraph service is frequently discontinued and always quite unreliable. Riots and sabotage throughout India are on a much larger scale than the British government in India had anticipated, the semi-official daily *Statesman* of New Delhi admits.

The civil-disobedience movement, Indian nationalist circles in India believe, is only starting. They expect that soon many Indian officials of the British government in India will quit the service. It is reported, but not officially confirmed, that two Indian members of the Viceroy's Executive Council have resigned.

Mohammed Ali Jinnah, president of the Moslem League, told me recently in Bombay that if the Indian National Congress launched a civil-disobedience movement, there would be violent clashes between Hindus and Moslems. No such events have been reported. The fact is that almost all Indians desire their country's independence, and no Indian party or leader dares to interfere with an attempt to bring it about. Congress leaders in India declare that many Sikhs, Communists, and Moslems are supporting the civil-disobedience movement. It is difficult for an Indian not to.

The British inside and outside India are adamant in their refusal to negotiate with the Indian national movement. They want to crush the civil-disobedience campaign. They say any readiness on their part to conciliate India would undermine still farther British prestige, already so seriously weakened by the military reverses in Hongkong, Malaya, Singapore, and Burma. But will it not be much worse for the British to have to climb down a month or six weeks from now in case the disorders grow? The British close their minds to this gloomy eventuality and plead for time to suppress the Indian trouble. The difficulty is that even if the British succeed they fail. Suppose shootings and whippings cow the Indian people for another interval of uneasy quiet? What the United Nations need is the active support of India's population.

They could get it. Throughout India the word I heard most often used to describe Indian sentiment at the present juncture was "frustration." I heard it from Congress leaders, from Indian industrialists, from teachers, students, and soldiers. Frustration results from a difference between one's desire to act and one's ability to act. The Indians would like to defend their country. But they cannot do so as partners of their British masters. The Cripps negotiations are revealed by official statements to have been a struggle between Indians demanding greater participation in India's defense and Cripps who opposed it. If Indians were free to fight this war, there would be an end to frustration and an upsurge of joy and an outburst of energy which would be assets to the United Nations.

The Chinese are supremely worried by England's attitude. India is the only channel through which Anglo-American supplies can reach China. Moreover, knowing the East, the Chinese understand how disastrous the suppression of a great Asiatic independence movement would be to the morale of anti-Axis Asia. China is therefore pressing for mediation by the United Nations.

It is interesting to observe how various nations react to the Indian crisis. The Chinese, as Asiatics who have themselves fought to throw off foreign yokes, can easily put themselves in the skin of Indians; their sympathy with Indian independence and with Indians in their present predicament is complete.

Americans intuitively respond in favor of the freedom of colonial nations. But the fear that Indian behavior may prejudice the conduct of the war has somewhat adulterated the natural reaction of Americans to India's struggle for release from imperial domination. At present our instincts are gaining the upper hand again, especially since many persons in this country feel that the British should not have rejected Gandhi's conciliatory request for talks. The mail of Senators and Representatives in Washington is heavy with complaints about British intransigence in India. The danger is that the Indian issue will be exploited by professional Anglophobes, appeasers in pro-war clothes and American friends of the Axis. This must be prevented. I criticize England's attitude in India because I am a friend of England and hope it will be saved from its own stupidity. There can be no objection to private expressions of American opinion about India, but any resolution in the Senate or House of Representatives would probably irritate the British government without advancing the cause of India. If there is to be American official intervention, it must be discreet and informal. For the moment, however, the United States government is deferring to British obstinacy and refraining from extending its good offices to adjust the Indian quarrel. Such delicate handling of a delicate situation is diplomatic and polite. It may prolong the war for several years and lead us into disaster. It should be possible to give a friend a strong scolding without endangering the friendship.

The British know that Washington would like to do something but is not sure that Anglo-American relations

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could bear the strain. India is, in fact, our business, and the Administration is worried about India. But we hold our hand out of consideration for Britain's imperial sensibilities. This is an unhealthy state of affairs which should cause concern to London.

The British think of India in terms of the maintenance of their "face" and authority. They contend, of course, that to maintain their authority in India by crushing the current civil-disobedience movement is to consolidate the defense of India. I think the reverse is the case.

The Facts About a Second Front

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE urgent need of creating a new battleground in Europe has become the most-discussed aspect of the war, and agitation for a second front both here and in England has wide popular support. Hitler's recent transfer of eleven divisions from Western Europe to the Russian front is not so much a gesture of bravado as an attempt to settle the Russian affair before an invasion of the Continent can become a reality. In this he is assuming that the slowness of an Allied reaction will permit his success, an assumption which the facts in the Norwegian campaign and elsewhere justify him in making. Far more clearly than many of their leaders the British and American peoples recognize that a vigorous attack in the west while Russian resistance is still strong may offer the only remaining opportunity of winning the war. It certainly presents the only chance of achieving a *speedy* victory. Not only must the obvious military advantages of attacking now be considered, but also the attitude of mind of our Russian allies and of the conquered millions of Europe whose long-cherished hopes of a Continental invasion have alone saved them from despair.

Unfortunately, the opening of a second front is not a question of desirability. Even Churchill, haunted by the tragedies of Gallipoli, Norway, Greece, and Crete, has been quite willing to concede, *in principle*, the need of launching new campaigns while the Wehrmacht is deeply entangled in Russia. The United States, before Pearl Harbor, had worked out plans for an invasion of Europe in the event of its involvement in the war, and it has reaffirmed the principles of offensive action many times since. But the United Nations High Command, in making its decisions, must be guided primarily by practical considerations; any military move must have a reasonable chance of success. We must take the offensive in the present war if we are to win, but it must not be a quixotic offensive based on nothing more substantial than wishful thinking or despair. While waiting may well mean the difference between facing a million German troops today and six million a year from today, action now will not necessarily be wise unless we have sufficient forces available to meet those million troops and the necessary transportation to supply them as well.

In all likelihood the time has already passed when a diversionary attack in the west could prevent Germany from getting the Caucasus. Russia is badly weakened, though it has not been knocked out of the war and Hitler will not be able immediately to exploit his gains. The opening of a new front in Europe has not lost any of its importance, but as Soviet resistance weakens, the scale of any Anglo-American offensive must be proportionately increased to be effective.

WHAT IT TAKES

The first problem, then, in connection with a second front is to determine what is needed and how it can be transported. In the last war a minimum of from six to eight tons of shipping was considered necessary for the transportation and supply of each doughboy in France. Today, although a certain amount of aviation material and personnel travels by air, thus reducing the burden on shipping, mechanization has so increased supply needs that from ten to fifteen tons per soldier—some authorities say twenty—is a closer approximation of our transport needs. Since the opening of a real second front in Western Europe would relieve Russia to a greater extent than the limited amounts of supplies we are now able to send it by way of the White Sea and the Persian Gulf, we could probably divert vessels from these routes. Some additional ships now serving other needs might also be drafted for second-front purposes, but the total number of these diverted ships would not be great. The transportation to Europe of a million men and their supplies—and a million men is a very small army—would probably require eight to ten million tons of *new* shipping. That only in the last month have we held our own in the race of ship construction versus sinkings is common knowledge. The limited American and somewhat larger British forces available at present for an invasion of the Continent might be adequate to effect a diversion. But it will be a long time—a year under the best conditions and much longer if sinkings cannot soon be reduced—before significantly larger bodies of men can be transported and supplied from America.

Nor is shipping the only limiting factor. Until our

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army training program was recently speeded up, it was designed to produce four and one-half million troops by the end of 1942. Many of these will necessarily be green. Garrisons are now maintained in Alaska, Hawaii, Australia, the Canal Zone, Newfoundland, Iceland, Bermuda, Eritrea, India, British and Dutch Guiana, West Africa, Egypt, the West Indies, continental United States, and half a hundred other points, essential and non-essential. In a mistaken effort to produce strength by multiplying weakness perhaps a million troops have been drained off in this fashion. In addition there are the cadres of veterans who must be reserved for the training of new units. When these exemptions are made, the striking force available by early 1943 will not be more than two and one-half to three million men. Our early war plans did not contemplate a full-scale offensive much before the latter part of 1943, and it seems evident that the five-million-man army in Europe—the absolute minimum with which we should undertake a full-scale offensive—will not be ready before that time.

Of the greatest importance, then, is the army now stationed in the British Isles—probably two million Britishers, plus Free French, Poland, Canadian, and American contingents. This army must be the vanguard for any Continental invasion. Its quality is not easy to gauge. The courage of the men and their eagerness to fight can be taken for granted. But their training—until recent months that of protecting against invasion—their military experience, and their leadership are also vital factors. The British, who make up the main body of these troops, have had consistently poor leadership and suffer from the psychological handicap of having experienced repeated military defeats. All told, therefore, the troops in Britain are not an ideally constituted expeditionary force. Nevertheless, some of the units are of high quality, and altogether the army is perhaps considerably larger than the German army that would oppose it. The Russians, however, may soon be defeated to an extent that will permit the main body of the German army to be sent west for Continental defense. If time were permitted, the quality as well as the quantity of the United Nations forces in England could be raised by American additions. The American army has increased enormously in both size and striking power in the past year, and it is the only one belonging to the United Nations which has been formed mainly for offensive action.

WHERE?

The locale of an invasion attempt has long been a matter of debate. Our democratic ethics probably bar striking through Turkey or Spain, though the latter area has been studied by our war planners. The three main fields suggested to date are Italy, the Channel coast of France and the Low Countries, and Norway.

An Italian campaign is urged by Lieutenant Colonel Kernan in his popular "Defense Will Not Win the War." Unfortunately, in detailing Italy's weaknesses he does not mention the bases from which an attack could be made. No such bases are in the hands of the United Nations. Until North Africa or the Balkans are cleared of Axis troops, any campaign against Italy will necessarily have to be waged by air and from distant bases.

The Channel coast is very different. Here the British have thoroughly familiarized themselves with the terrain through hundreds of reconnaissance and bombing flights. They have air superiority over the Channel and northern France and, unless their bombings have been singularly ineffective, have considerably softened the German coast fortifications. The native population here is probably as well prepared to aid invaders actively as in any section of Europe. Furthermore, the quartermaster's problem should be simpler here than anywhere else, and no vastly increased number of ships would be needed. Allied control of both sides of the Channel would also complicate the problem of German submarines in getting to sea. Balancing these advantages are the known strength of German coast defenses and the fact that reinforcements can be rapidly poured in.

Norway is another likely battlefield. Here the Germans have the advantage of land-based air power, as opposed to the ship-based air power which we should have to use in the early stages of an invasion. A rugged and inhospitable coast favors defense. On the other hand, northern Norway in particular is vital to the Germans in that it provides a passageway for the Kiruna iron and also a base from which our northern supply lines to Russia can be harassed. Since the Germans would find it extremely hard to bring up reinforcements from southern Norway, a determined attack here might lead them to invade Sweden and result in that country's joining the Allied cause. A Norwegian attack, unless made on a country-wide scale, should start in the north in order to permit close cooperation with the Soviets. It is safe to say that if a diversionary attack on a limited scale occurs soon, northern Norway will be the sector chosen.

WHEN?

The second-front problem uppermost in most minds is, When? While many of the factors upon which an answer can be based are known only to the High Command, certain generalizations can be made from the information we have. In the first place it is evident that the United States is not now able, and will not be able for at least a year, to transport and supply an army large enough to fight single-handed against Germany. Secondly, large enough forces of United Nations troops are available to undertake a limited campaign for the purpose of affording a diversion, but neither their quality nor the provisions for supplying them are first class. Thirdly, on the basis of available information the Channel coast seems to offer the best promise of reward for a fairly large-scale attack, though northern Norway, despite

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certain drawbacks, is the logical place for launching a limited offensive.

There is another way of trying to discover the answer. According to the war plans which were allowed to leak out through the Chicago *Tribune* just before Pearl Harbor, the Joint Board a year ago believed that the following conditions would have to prevail prior to the undertaking of a Continental offensive.

1. The surface and sub-surface vessels of the Axis must be swept from the seas, particularly in the Atlantic waters contingent to Europe.
2. Overwhelming air superiority must be accomplished.
3. The economic and industrial life of Germany must be rendered ineffective.
4. The combat effectiveness of the German air and ground units must be weakened by dispersion and the shortage of materials, including fuel.
5. Popular support of the war effort by the peoples of the Axis powers must be weakened and their confidence shattered by subversive activities, propaganda, deprivation, and the destruction wrought.

It is obvious that this preparatory softening up will be accomplished, if at all, mainly by our anti-submarine and aerial campaigns. The first has so far failed. The second is making some, but insufficient, progress. To be sure, the R. A. F. is doing a thorough job of blasting the industrial centers of western Germany, but it has scarcely touched other vital areas. Our own Army Air Force, eight months after Pearl Harbor, has just begun to fight, mainly because of its insistence on operating separately from the R. A. F. Nevertheless, the United Nations now have air superiority. The margin may be increased, but not if a lessening of Soviet resistance permits the Luftwaffe to return to Western Europe.

The large-scale commando raid on Dieppe is cheering but does not necessarily indicate any immediate attempt to establish a second front. In fact, it was hardly a large-scale dress rehearsal. Yet both psychologically and militarily such raids are valuable. They give badly needed combat experience to green troops, afford an opportunity for testing enemy resistance, and inflict large losses. One result of the Dieppe raid was the knowledge that the German defenses are not invulnerable but that their demolition would prove costly. Raids also serve to keep hope alive among the conquered and to create a feeling of insecurity among the conquerors. Not least in importance is the development of cooperation between land, sea, and air units which their execution necessitates.

The facts regarding the second front are not cheering, for they suggest that Hitler has already won the battle of time. Every month from now on will probably see him able to devote more force to repelling a possible invasion attempt in the west. The United States and Great Britain are becoming stronger, but their forces, largely inactive, are unavailable at a time when active Russian resistance is being worn down.

War and Cheap Money

BY HAROLD MAGER

THE Treasury has exhausted its bag of tricks, and this fall, probably in October, will inaugurate a major change in its war-financing program with the flotation of a huge long-term bond issue of between $5 billion and $10 billion of fully negotiable securities, eligible for purchase in unlimited amounts by everyone —individuals, banks, corporations, and all types of institutions. Similar major securities offerings, according to the plans of the fiscal authorities, will take place three or four times a year, the amount of each flotation to depend upon the requirements of the government at the time.

This can only mean that the Treasury's anti-inflationary program is in grave danger of foundering, that it has been brought to the brink of disaster by Secretary Morgenthau's buoyant but wholly unjustified optimism, as expressed in his testimony before the Senate Committee on Finance concerning the Public Debt Act of 1942, and by Congressional fears—in spite of the reassuring Gallup polls—of reprisals in the November elections. Since March the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee have been at loggerheads with the Treasury over an estimated $2 billion in taxes—a tempest in a teapot that has kept the headline writers busy and put the public to sleep. If the contemplated change in Treasury borrowing takes place, the rumpus over the $2 billion will be a case of straining at a gnat only to swallow a camel.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1942, the federal deficit in round numbers was $20 billion. This year the deficit will be $50 billion. "The logic of the situation," declared Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, "calls for government policy designed to draw back into the Treasury out of . . . expanding national income an amount equal to what the government is spending." Unfortunately, it is politics, not logic, which is apparently determining the course of events. Instead of drawing back

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into the Treasury either in taxes or in borrowings from current income the $75 billion the government will require this year—thus obtaining from the pockets of the people an amount equal to what the government will spend—the Treasury is contenting itself with a haul of barely half that amount, relying on the banks to manufacture the rest and praying, no doubt, that this net addition to the purchasing power of the country will not increase to the point of collapse the already terrific pressure on the OPA's price structure, the NWLB's wage structure, and, last but not least, the nation's moral structure.

The Treasury's problem is not simply to raise enough money to finance the war. Any government that has a mind to can eschew taxes and borrowing altogether and adopt the simple expedient of meeting its obligations with neat, crisp bills right off the printing press. The Treasury's problem is to get the money by methods that will not set off a ruinous inflation. And to prevent this the Treasury must concern itself with the sources from which its revenues come. If inflationary financing is to be avoided, the funds required to finance the war must be drawn from the current income stream, and any funds injected to swell that stream, either by increasing the income-velocity of idle money or by manufacturing new money (bank-credit and printing-press money), must be kept to an absolute minimum. To date the established pattern of war financing leaves little hope that these principles will be adhered to. For the current fiscal year estimated tax receipts will provide less than one-third of the $75 billion of estimated expenditures. The prospective deficit of $50 billion can be met by borrowings from the following sources only: (1) current income, (2) idle hoard, (3) commercial banks. Borrowing from the last two is unquestionably inflationary.

In its non-inflationary borrowing the Treasury has relied mainly on its various war-savings issues, of which it hopes to sell $12 billion this year, an increase of 100 per cent over the previous year. It is highly improbable, however, that the $12 billion will represent a corresponding absorption of current income, much less a measure of reduced consumption. The statistics of sales for last year are illuminating on this point. Of the $6 billion sold, half was bought by investors with idle cash—individuals, fiduciaries, corporations—in denominations of $1,000 to $10,000; the other half was sold in denominations, for the most part, of $500 and $1,000—the so-called "people's bond." What proportion of total sales represented honest-to-goodness reduction in consumption, the *sine qua non* of an anti-inflation program, the reader can imagine. If Mr. Morgenthau could be persuaded to abandon his program of voluntary savings in favor of a system of compulsory savings, the government would obtain sources of non-inflationary revenue which have hardly begun to be exploited.

In addition to the non-inflationary war savings the Treasury has access to the institutional savings of insurance companies, savings banks, corporations, and fiduciaries. Its recent "tap" offerings have been designed to attract funds from these sources. Such borrowings are for the most part of a non-inflationary character; unfortunately, they can never provide more than a minor share of government requirements.

The bulk of federal borrowings, perhaps as much as $35 billion in the current fiscal year, will therefore be of an admittedly inflationary character. The funds will originate in the vast money-creating potentialities of the commercial banks, a source not to be distinguished in present circumstances from the government printing press itself, though its use is less generally understood and therefore psychologically less disastrous. The banks create new money by the simple expedient of writing up on their books a deposit to the account of the government, a process that can be repeated until a bank has reached the legal minimum of its fractional cash reserve, and that can be repeated even then if reserve requirements are lowered by legal action. Other methods, somewhat more complicated, are also used by the banks, but the effect is the same: the government comes into possession of *new* money, a net addition to the supply already in existence.

That the Treasury intends to dispose of the larger share of its new $5 billion to $10 billion issues to the banks can be deduced not only from the size of the deficit and the government's inability to tap on a voluntary basis the vast, still unexploited sources of non-inflationary funds but from actual developments in monetary policy. The passage in July of Public Act 656, amending the Federal Reserve Act, has enabled the commercial banks to strip their decks for action. It gives the Federal Reserve Board express authority to change the reserve requirements of the New York City and Chicago member banks without altering the requirements in the other districts, and relieves directors of liability for approving loans made while their banks are temporarily deficient in reserves. To some extent the amendment is designed to afford relief to the New York and Chicago districts for the drain on their funds caused by the flow of money to outlying centers of war production, but it is also intended to enable the banks in these important financial centers to continue to absorb large quantities of government securities. The lowering of reserve requirements—the first reduction was made on August 18—represents a complete reversal of the policy announced only last year for combating inflation.

The problem with which we are confronted can be put in a nutshell. By December of this year the government will be spending $6 billion a month—an estimated maximum which will go on for the duration of the war. It will be collecting $2 billion a month in taxes and

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$1 billion from the sale of war-savings bonds. Each month after December, therefore, it will have to rely primarily on the banks to provide the remaining $3 billion. Mr. Morgenthau made this painfully clear in his testimony before the Senate Finance Committee last March: "Not to leave any possible misunderstanding from my testimony, what we cannot get from the people's savings, after we have used every legitimate means to attract the savings and earnings of people to invest in government securities, when we have exhausted all of that, then we have to go to the banks." Is it reasonable to suppose that the American economy can withstand the terrific inflationary pressure that will be exerted by such a net addition to total purchasing power every month?

It is difficult to believe that the Administration is unaware of the explosive possibilities of its war-financing program. Yet Mr. Morgenthau gave that impression in his testimony. When he was asked point-blank whether he was satisfied that existing arrangements would provide the government with the necessary funds, he answered, "Senator Vandenberg, as far as I can see of today, I can do the job." And when Senator Taft suggested that a compulsory-savings plan would keep the government out of the toils of the banks, he contented himself with the remark, "That would be an alternative." It may be that the Secretary did not wish to reveal the Administration's fears to Senators who were obviously on a fishing expedition, ready to exploit any slip he might make. But with the situation what it is in Congress, I am inclined to believe that the Administration has decided that an adventurous and opportunist policy in public finance, while it may court economic disaster, is still preferable to an attempt to impose a program of compulsory savings, which might bring political disaster.

If all that matters is the military defeat of the Axis, that can probably be brought about just as well by inflationary as by non-inflationary financing. But it will make a great difference in the new world we hope to build whether the national debt is owned by the people or by the banks.

A Gallery of Quislings

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

THE unhappiest people in Europe today are Hitler's friends, not his victims. No browbeaten Jew in Warsaw's ghetto, no tortured prisoner in Dachau, no innocent hostage awaiting death in a Paris jail could be quite so wretched as the Quislings. They are doomed men and they know it. No power on earth will be able to protect them from the fury of the people once their master is beaten, and every day of the year they die a hundred deaths. Most of them suffer doubly because, like their Führer and idol, they are psychopathic cases, neurotic, plagued with inferiority complexes, victims of early frustrations.

Most pathetic of all is the man who has given his name to the whole breed of puppet rulers, Major Vidkun Quisling, who last February reached the goal of his ambition and by grace of Adolf Hitler became Premier of Norway. Yet even now Quisling is not triumphant. He has the looks, the posture, the behavior of a doomed man. His face is haggard, with bulging eyes, baggy jowls, and deep furrows. The Hitler lock hangs limp. The blond hair has turned gray. The ruddy complexion is blanched.

Foreign observers who have seen a great deal of Quisling in recent months say that the man is mad. Showing paranoiac tendencies early in life, he is said to have become completely deranged as the result of a malarial disease contracted during his twelve years of diplomatic service in Russia. Even casual observers describe him as a nervous wreck, moody and irritable. After the attempt on Laval's life last year, Quisling nearly committed suicide by taking a heavy dose of veronal. Only with great difficulty was his life saved by an eminent specialist of Oslo University, Professor Klaus Hansen. When Quisling wanted to reward the professor by making him dean of the university, Hansen declined the honor, refusing to take the place of Rector Didrik Akup Seip, whom the Nazis had sent to a concentration camp.

It is reliably reported that at least two or three attempts have been made on Quisling's life, but details are not available. A few months ago his personal bodyguard—made up of picked hoodlums under twenty-six years old and at least five feet seven and a half inches tall—was first doubled and then tripled. Quisling's car is preceded and followed by police cars, each carrying four heavily armed *hirdmen,* or storm troopers. Shortly before last Christmas Quisling moved into new headquarters on the island of Bygdö near Oslo. His new home, Grande Villa, was built during the last war by a man who made millions through profiteering. When Quisling moved into his fortress, eight private homes nearby were forcibly evacuated and a permanent cordon

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of twenty-four armed guards was strung around the turreted, bomb-proof building.

There are good reasons for Quisling's assassination complex and his shattered nerves. He is well aware that he has 98 per cent of the Norwegian nation against him, and the repeated successful commando raids have given him stern warning that his country has a priority for the coming second front. To this prospect Quisling recently replied with the threat of a "most horrible civil war."

Perhaps even more than he fears his enemies, Quisling fears his friends. He knows that the commander of the German forces in Norway, Colonel General Nikolaus von Falkenhorst, hates and despises him; that the arch-schemer, Josef Terboven, Hitler's governor, is jealously watching his every step; and that one of his own sub-leaders, Victor Mogens, who tried to snatch the premiership for himself, is again intriguing against his *Förer*.

More than anything else, however, it is the world-wide degradation of his name that torments Quisling. It is his special misfortune that his name, instead of being the ordinary Continental jaw-breaker, fitted perfectly into the English language. The London *Times*, on April 19, 1940, dealt interestingly with this linguistic phenomenon: ". . . to writers the word Quisling is a gift from the gods. If they had been ordered to invent a new word for traitor . . . they could hardly have hit upon a more brilliant combination of letters. Actually, it contrives to suggest something at once slippery and tortuous."

A fine example of the abnormal lack of scruples that characterizes the Quisling's way of getting ahead is afforded by the early career of Anton Adrian Mussert, the little Führer of Holland. The undersized son of a poor village schoolmaster (he is only four feet ten), Mussert was born May 11, 1894, at Werkendam, South Holland. At school and in college little Anton was an unsociable, hard-working boy with an overweening ambition. He had few friends, but there was one person who liked him, shunning neither effort nor cost to help him get on in the world—the sister of his mother.

When young Mussert was eighteen, his aunt put up the money that enabled him to enter the Technical University at Delft. Having got his degree as civil engineer in June, 1918, he entered the government service and in nine years worked himself up to the position of chief engineer of the province of Utrecht. In 1922, when it had become fairly clear that Mussert was on his way to a solid state position, the generous aunt claimed her reward. At the age of forty-six she asked her twenty-eight-year-old nephew to marry her. Young Anton, whose only hope was that Queen Wilhelmina would refuse the required consent to legalize this union, was forced to accept.

The couple was among the first in Europe to sense the wind of Nazism as it began to blow over the Continent. As early as December 14, 1931, Mussert founded his *National Socialistische Bewegung*, the Dutch Nazi party through which he hoped to play first fiddle in the country. From the beginning, Mussert's N. S. B. made close contacts with its more powerful and financially better equipped counterpart in Germany. Soon the Dutch would-be dictator no longer needed the money of his aunt-wife. He got enough in Berlin and Rome. Dismissed from the government pay roll in 1935, he found the time to build up his party and to organize a band of storm troopers. He went about surrounded by huskies bent on street fighting and always carried a riding whip. While Mussert's program on most points followed the Hitler line, he at first disapproved of anti-Semitism and even invited Jews to join his party. But after a few years he fell in line, and when the German invasion came in May, 1940, he was a full-fledged Quisling who welcomed the invaders.

Vidkun Quisling

Though Hitler hesitated long to put in charge of the Netherlands a man whom he knew all Dutchmen loathed, Mussert, according to latest reports, is now slated for early elevation to the puppet premiership, under the supervision of that other famous traitor, Arthur Seyss-Inquart, German High Commissioner for the Netherlands. But if Mussert is ever to enjoy a few days of glory in the *Ridderzaal* at The Hague, he should ask his boss to speed the inauguration, for the time is growing short. "If the English invade Holland," he publicly admitted last year, "the Dutch rabble would exterminate all N. S. B. men." More recently Mussert whined in an address to young storm troopers: "The arch-enemy may attempt to strike at the heart of Germany across this country, situated at the mouth of the Rhine—and I wish I could tell the German people, 'Don't worry, we Netherlanders are ready to beat them off.'"

The story of the Belgian Fascist leader, Léon Marie Joseph Ignace Degrelle, is no less distasteful. This handsome, boyish-looking adventurer used religion, women, and the money of his country's enemies to build up his so-called Rexist Party.

Born in 1907 at Bouillon in southern Belgium, Degrelle began his career as a Catholic stump orator and

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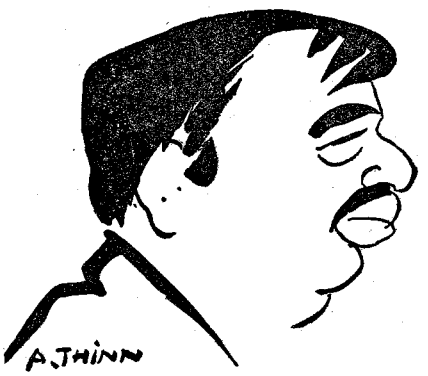
a fomenter of bigotry by way of popular stories. He made hundreds of thousands of francs through the commercial exploitation of alleged "miraculous apparitions" of the Blessed Virgin at Beauraing. Later in Spain, in search of fresh religious wonders, he produced sensational reports about miracles at Esquioga, in the Basque country. Again he did a brisk business until the local bishop publicly branded the "apparitions" a vulgar deception. In the end, Degrelle's religio-commercial ventures led to bankruptcy, in which his printers lost over a million francs. Degrelle tearfully declared himself to be so utterly destitute that he even had to sell the belongings of his daughter Chantal, but his insolvency was fraudulent, for he had shrewdly transferred all his property to his wife in ample time.



Pierre Laval

At any rate, Degrelle soon had enough money again to found and build up his Rexist Party. In 1936 the party had a boom year, winning 21 seats in parliament out of a total of 202, but at the next general election, in 1939, it was to lose all but four of them. In September, 1936, Degrelle made a secret trip to Berlin, and a month later he attempted the abortive "march on Brussels" which sank the remnants of his prestige. That the dashing, boisterous Degrelle was really an inflated nonentity was eloquently attested by the French deputy Philippe Henriot, himself a Fascist, who said of him in 1937: "For fifteen minutes I thought he was a great man. Then I knew he was crazy and Rexism a joke." The full extent of Degrelle's venality was bared last December by the underground paper *La Belgique Loyale,* whose editor is a former Rexist deputy. According to this report, Degrelle in 1936-37 received 19,000,000 francs (about $600,000) from Mussolini alone, not to mention heavy subsidies from Nazi sources.

After the invasion of Belgium Hitler refused to honor his earlier promises to Degrelle. Politically bankrupt and desperate, the Rexist chieftain last August joined the anti-Soviet "crusade" at the head of a "Walloon Legion" which he had recruited. In March Radio Berlin announced that Degrelle had been wounded in Russia "while warding off an enemy air attack." Shortly before, a reporter of Goebbels's *Angriff* had written a graphic story of how he found the handsome Léon in an inn, "busy dancing the tango with some Ukrainian girls who could hardly be described as shy."

A few weeks ago the Nazi authorities in Belgium made their first serious attempt to foist a Degrelle Cabinet on the captive King Leopold III. The King, who once had described Degrelle as a "scoundrel," spurned the suggestion.

Pierre Laval is the most notorious of all Quislings. Born poor, the son of an Auvergne butcher, he started his political career as a Socialist agitator but soon became France's most crooked public figure, a politician whose views and influence were always for sale to the highest bidder. With the proverbial tenacity of the Auvergnat, Laval always combined an utter disregard for moral concepts with a marked gusto for horse-trading. A lawyer in private life, he managed to milk millions out of Nick Zographos, a professional gambler, and out of Citroën, prominent as a tax evader as well as an industrialist. As a lucrative side line Laval for years owned and operated a chain of *maisons de rendezvous.* It is characteristic of the man that although he was closely associated with two Jewish lawyers right up to the fall of France, he abruptly turned anti-Semitic, and now, as Premier, has appointed the rabid Jew-baiter Darquier de Pellepoix as Commissar of Jewish Affairs.

At the height of power, Laval today is, in the words of his friend and fellow-Quisling Marcel Déat, "terribly alone." He has publicly proclaimed his desire to see Hitler win the war. But in the streets of Paris even the children chant *"Laval à la lanterne,"* and no one familiar with the history of France will be surprised if a lamppost is indeed the next milestone in Pierre Laval's career.

In Hitler's ample collection of Balkan henchmen two men deserve special mention: the stocky regicide Ante Pavelich, who despotically rules the puppet kingdom of Croatia, and the white-haired Professor Bela Tuka, Prime Minister of Slovakia.

Poglavar (leader) Pavelich, fifty-two years old, a lawyer by profession and a devout Catholic, first made headlines in 1929 when he was condemned to death for plotting against the national unity of Yugoslavia. Five years later, as head of the secret revolutionary society *Hrvatska Ustasha,* he planned and directed the assassination at Marseilles of King Alexander I and of Louis Barthou. Both before and after this crime Pavelich and his chief aid, Eugen Kvaternik, enjoyed Mussolini's hospitality in a sumptuous villa near Turin, Italy. In April, 1941, they repaid Il Duce's generosity by heading the Croat rebellion against invaded Yugoslavia. Now one as Premier and one as Chief of Police, they are trying vainly to suppress the open guerrilla warfare of the *Zeleni Kadre* (Green Army), the Croat allies of Draja Mihailovich.

Bela Tuka, the "strong man" of Slovakia, is not much better off. He has to defend himself both against the constant intrigues of his fellow-Quislings, State Presi-

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dent Josef Tiso and Propaganda Minister Sano Mach, and against the rising tide of popular disaffection caused by the country's participation in the war against Russia.

As a young man, Tuka followed the tide of Magyarization in what was then a province of Hungary. He even forgot his Slovak mother tongue and changed his original first name of Vojtech to the Hungarian Bela. After the war, however, Tuka became intensely conscious of his Slovak nationality and bitterly opposed the union with the Czechs. In 1921 he lost his position as professor of international law at the University of Bratislava, and seven years later he was arrested on a charge of high treason. He served ten years of a fifteen-year sentence in the penitentiary. Tuka has worked hand-in-glove with the Nazis since the days of the Munich beer-hall putsch. In March, 1939, he saw his dream of an "independent" Slovakia come true by the grace of Hitler. After the invasion of Russia he brought his country into the war and signed the Anti-Comintern Pact in Berlin on November 25.

Perhaps the greatest curiosities in Hitler's gallery of Quislings are two men who are playing the role of Germany's puppets for the second time, serving the Führer today as they served the Kaiser twenty-five years ago. They are the burly Cossack Hetman (leader) Paul Skoropadsky, sixty-eight, and Denmark's cynical sixty-four-year-old Foreign Minister, Eric Scavenius.

Ever since his puppet government in Kiev collapsed, after six months, in November, 1918, Skoropadsky has lived at a villa near Wannsee, on the outskirts of Berlin, where he became a good friend of Göring. After the partition of Czecho-Slovakia, in 1938, he attempted to lay the foundations of a new "independent" Ukraine at Chust, Ruthenia, but Hungarian troops seized the town and sent him scurrying back to Berlin. He then helped to work out plans for the German invasion of the Ukraine, but failed to reap his promised reward when the conquest was completed. Skoropadsky's present whereabouts are unknown, and it may well be that he has been liquidated.

Eric Scavenius, who in August, 1914, violated Denmark's neutrality by closing the Belts and the Sound at Germany's behest, returned to the Foreign Ministry in July, 1940, following the Nazi invasion. He is, with Gunnar Larsen, Minister of Transportation, the chief exponent of active collaboration with Germany in the present Danish Cabinet. Scavenius signed the Anti-Comintern Pact, against the will of most of his colleagues, and took the initiative in the formation of a Danish Volunteer Legion (*Frikorps Danmark*) to fight with the Germans in Russia.

The amazing thing about Scavenius is that he has all his life professed to be a liberal. He is chairman of the board of directors of the influential Copenhagen daily ***Politiken,*** organ of the Radical Party. An unscrupulous opportunist, he prides himself on his understanding of *Realpolitik.* In his eyes the Danish patriots who prefer silent resistance to abject collaboration "live in the moon." To Eric Scavenius anyone who doubts an ultimate German victory must be a fool. That was his opinion during the last war, and it is his opinion today. History probably will record him as the man who twice in a lifetime bet on the same wrong horse.

In the Wind

THE INQUIRING FOTOGRAPHER, a column in the New York *Daily News,* has acquired a reputation among the paper's readers as a casual but fair sampler of public opinion. On August 22 it asked, "What do you think of this paradox—Every nation in the world seems to be fighting except the fighting Irish?" Five of the six Irish Americans to whom the question was put sympathized with Eire's position, and no one could read the column without concluding that they believed neutrality to be a blessing not only to Ireland but to any nation. Sample phrases follows: ". . . they [the Irish] are doing their best to maintain their sanity . . . have sanely decided to stay neutral . . . too sportsmanlike and too fair to become involved in a war that is no concern of theirs . . . the Irish are not too easily led . . . the Lord help any leader who tries to plunge them into a war that is not of their choosing."

A NEW YORK PUBLISHER'S house organ points out that in building Camp Joyce Kilmer in New Jersey the army is showing no mercy to the trees on the site.

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, the former isolationist and ambassador to Great Britain, is negotiating for the purchase of the Boston *Post.*

THE STRICTEST PRONOUNCEMENT on secular education ever made by a member of the Catholic hierarchy in this country came recently from Bishop Karl J. Alter, of the Toledo diocese. He said that parents or guardians who enrol children in public schools or colleges without consulting the church will be refused the Sacrament as recalcitrants. Bishop Alter, incidentally, has been a vigorous supporter of the Pétain and Franco regimes.

THE *DAILY WORKER* has started a campaign against General Mihailovich, the Yugoslav guerrilla leader. A recent story was headlined: "Rome Radio Admits Mihailovich Is Ally." Another *Daily Worker* story said that, according to reports from Istanbul, the guerrillas were fighting on, but their leader had deserted them. Short-wave monitors tried to check both stories but found no verification.

[*The $5 prize for the best item received in August goes to Clarence Senior of Washington, D. C., for his story about a "bubble gum" company that bought up large stocks of guayule rubber in Mexico.*]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Unhyphenated American

BY JACQUES BARZUN

MY HEADING refers not to nationality but to speech. We owe it to the greatest lexicographer since Dr. Johnson, to wit, H. L. Mencken, that the language spoken in the United States is known as American—an offshoot of English developing freely according to the genius of the American people. Today, with the vast number of visitors to our shores, both English and Continental, the influence of American takes on new strength and, as I see it, suggests a new responsibility. We cannot of course undertake to change our pronunciation or diction on a national scale for the sake of union now or hereafter; nor can some of us be persuaded to utter pure vowels, long disused, for the sake of making ourselves understood by educated foreigners who have learned to say "carry" and not "cairey," "moral" and not "mawrl." But there is one thing we can do. We can do something about the habit, quite recent among us, of dropping our h . . . hyphens.

You must have noticed, rather lately, the close clinch of our compound words in print and the shameful birth of single words out of double adjectives. Formerly the legal union was signified by that modest little dash which the French rightly call *trait d'union*. But now the hyphen is hunted to death like the last heath hen on Martha's Vineyard—or perhaps I should write "heathen." In a recent book by Max Eastman, for example, the eye running smoothly over the author's lucid prose crashes into "ultraaustere." In Mr. Dos Passos's "The Ground We Stand On" every opportunity is taken to turn English into a sort of elegant Eskimo by such compounds as "picturegallery," "hardshelled," and "fifteenyearold." In its latest style sheet a famous university press furthers the drive to agglutination. It calls not only for "cooperate" and "reestablish" without hyphen or helpful two dots over the second vowel, but for the writing of compounds with "non" as one word, so that we read "nonessential" and "nonaggressive."

Or rather, we read no such thing: we read "none-ssential" and "nona-ggressive," then on a second try we go back and take apart what the Printing Interests have decreed shall be joined. I charge the Printing Interests—which include editors, publishers' readers, and other sticklers for form—because it has long been one of their tenets that hyphens are ugly and spoil the page. They also boggle at italics, parentheses, dashes, and sometimes at double quotation marks. Of all these there mustn't be "too many" on a single page or else they cannot lift their heads at the annual prize day of their guild. It is the middleman again; it is boss rule. Why not exterminate semicolons? They are dreadfully asymmetrical, and so are letters that stick out above and below the line. Given world enough and time, those who print will make prose into one long *oooooo* of beauty.

The underlying cause of all this regimentation is the desire for consistency. Apparently it is impossible for the ordinary secretarial mind to distinguish between the consistency that makes him walk straighter to his goal and the consistency that pinches his toes like an undersized boot. Consistency of spelling and punctuation is of the latter sort. Hand in a manuscript to a publisher, and an expensive damsel with a ferret eye will point out that whereas on page 12 you spell "western" with a small "w," on page 138 you capitalize it. The notion that apart from clerical error there might be a reason in usage or rhetoric for the two spellings neither occurs to the censor nor stays her hand. Indeed, the firm probably has a policy about capital letters and a list of words that must begin big or little. The firm is sure to have a rule about commas and seeks to instil grammatical logic at the expense of the reader's comfort and the author's rhythm; the foolish assumption being that a good sentence will always scan without commas. It is this presumptuous folly that Baudelaire quietly exposed in the famous instruction to his publisher, "Remove the paragraph if you must, but not the comma in the middle of it."

Among other things, the rule of consistency applied to hyphens deprives the reader of one valuable aid. Suppose an author discussing economics uses the phrase "socially necessary labor time." It usually needs no hyphen. Hence, says the editor, it must never take one. But among the repetitions of the phrase one occurs in which the end of the line comes after the word "labor." On reading proof the author, cherishing consecutive thought, will stick in a hyphen so that the reader will follow through to "labor time" and not halt at the incomplete and misleading "socially necessary labor." But no. The hobgoblin eats up the hyphen, and the orphaned word "time" dangles by itself at the head of the next line.

To be sure, Donne writes—and spells—"interinanimates," but this looks suggestively like what it means. In ordinary print nothing makes up for the gear shifting required to make out the author's meaning. Already with "cooperate" so spelled we shorten cooperative store into "Coop," pronounced as if it were a chicken house, and we find more and more educated people speaking of "zu-ology," as if the origin of the word were to be found in Bronx Park.

Abstractly considered, this typographical change may seem trivial and my complaint merely that of conservative habit. But this is not so. The combining of words in English follows very subtle rules which people who work by style sheet will never grasp. Richness of expression, and clarity as well, depends on unforeseen yet natural uniting of words. We may indeed get used to "reestablish" and "nonaggressive" if these two words recur often enough in their welded form, but what will prepare us for even such simple collocations as "premedical student" and "harddrinking lot"?

In German itself, where movable prefixes accustom the eye to word splitting, the longer compounds are neither sightly nor convenient. In English, of which one great virtue is the speed of its unit-meanings, the merging of movable parts is an offense to the underlying spirit of the language besides being a hindrance to rapid reading. Now it is a

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well-known fact that rapid reading is best from the point of view of both understanding and reflection. The less the actual letters stand out as things in themselves the more the mind can concentrate on what they stand for. But concentration is impossible when at every turn a puzzle or a false start trips you up. If you see the letters "premed" your mind at once leaps to "premeditate" or "premeditation": "premedical" is a hybrid that wrecks rhythm and sense, since in it "medical" is the main idea and "pre" secondary. It is a false parallel to say that "meditate" is the main idea and "pre" secondary, because usage makes "premeditate" a single notion very different from simple "meditate," while "pre-medicate" has no meaning at all. The very reason why "pre-medical" is, and of right ought to be, written with a hyphen is that it is an artificial combination for a special purpose—the classification of college students—and the same reason should prevent it from becoming a single word in common use.

The opposite reason shows why "nevertheless" has rightly been made into one word. So have "churchgoing" and "railroad": they are single notions in current use and are unmistakable at sight. As for "picturegallery" and "midsummermadness," which are also single notions, they are so much more comfortable with a little breather in between that nothing short of "typographical science" could think of denying it to them and to us. The descendants of Gutenberg are presuming on their control of the means of production to turn his movable type into immovable words, forgetting that books are to be read, not solved. With their present logic, enforced through that very dictatorial form of legislation known as the style sheet, we may expect any day the spaghettiparagraph: "Fourscoreandsevenyearsago ourfathers broughtforth onthiscontinent anewnation conceivedinLiberty anddedicated totheproposition that allmenarecreatedequal."

The Diplomacy of Nemesis

THE RIDDLE OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT. By Robert Bendiner. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

ALL alert citizens have long suspected that their Department of State leaves much to be desired as an arsenal of democracy and as an instrument for the realistic conduct of foreign policy. They have perceived from the tragic course of events through the wasted years that among all the agencies of the Roosevelt Administration no group of bureaucrats yields priority to the State Department in lack of imagination, imperviousness to the forces of liberalism, preoccupation with obsolete formulas, and positive genius for being wrong time after time without suffering any of the consequences of wrongness. They know, albeit vaguely, that all the other war services in Washington are constantly engaged in dubious battle against the blind conservatism of the men under Hull. Of late more and more voices have cried from the housetops that total war cannot be waged successfully unless it is also waged on the diplomatic front and that the Department of State is not only incapable of waging diplomatic warfare but is the chief obstacle to effective operations in all other spheres of combat.

Under these circumstances an adequate analysis of what is wrong with State is an important weapon of victory. No book on the department has appeared since the pedestrian apologia of Bertram Hulen, issued in the spring of 1939. This new volume by the managing editor of *The Nation* comes very close to filling the bill. Robert Bendiner has performed a difficult task with distinction. To him and to the Union for Democratic Action, which inspired this study, are due the thanks of all who work and fight for freedom.

The book, let it be said at once, is not a denunciation but an explanation. Its strength and its weakness lie in its dispassionate moderation. At all points the author tempers justice with mercy and studiously avoids any quest for scapegoats.

He does not record, for example, that in the spring of 1938 Mr. Hull publicly justified arms exports to Germany on the ground that the peace treaty with the Reich merely forbade German imports of arms from America but did not forbid American exports of arms to Germany. He refrains from quoting the President (July 24, 1941) on the policy of selling war supplies to Japan: "It was very essential from our selfish point of view of defense to prevent a war from starting in the South Pacific. The policy has worked for two years." He says nothing of the decision to preserve full diplomatic relations with Hitler's puppet rulers of Finland, nor of the vacuity of the Atlantic Charter, nor of the disastrous policy of "hands off" with regard to India, nor of some other ways in which the department is helping to lose the war.

Instead of an indictment Bendiner presents first a brief résumé of the diplomacy of appeasement, with ample facts and figures. He gives considerable attention to the department's policies toward Franco and Pétain, noting in passing how the department last summer broke the British blockade of Vichy North Africa. Since the book has come off the press Elmer Davis—*horribile dictu!*—has announced that shipments to North Africa have again been resumed, and the President has outlined his new plan to appease El Caudillo by varnishing paintings and sending tourists to the Spanish fascist paradise. Ambassador Hayes is obviously a worthy successor to Ambassador Weddell, whose wife gave the Falange a new clubhouse—not out of sympathy for fascism, says Bendiner, but out of "political innocence."

These pages show how and why the department has consistently discouraged the defenders of democracy everywhere and given repeated aid and comfort to the fascist Caesars. The larger and more valuable part of the book is devoted to a detailed treatment of the department at work—its traditions, its atmosphere, its leading figures, its methods of recruiting and promotion, its smug irresponsibility, its peculiar relations with the White House, and its relative immunity to criticism.

Although it is safe to guess that the higher-ups in the department will be unappreciative, Bendiner treats most of them with sympathetic insight. He carries very far the old French proverb: "Who understands all forgives all." He recognizes that the tangled dilemmas of America's diplomats are in part a product of the incapacity of the American public to emancipate itself from past illusions and in part a product of the inevitable limitations of social climbers and

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clubmen. Despite his revealing comments regarding the Georgetown Foreign Service School, he plays down the growing influence of clericalism among the higher personnel. He likewise minimizes the new role of the "old school tie" and the old role of inherited wealth. Hull he sees as a well-meaning old man, at worst addicted to "compromise, procrastination, and wishful thinking" and prone to "perilous caution, evasion, and paralyzing contradictions." Welles he shrewdly evaluates and rightly praises for his Arlington address. The lesser figures are judiciously weighed. The President's relations with the department are brilliantly analyzed.

As for "What Can Be Done?" Bendiner is not optimistic. "There is no quick and easy way." The disease is not treachery nor yet stupidity but the dry decay of mid-Victorian minds in a world in which—alas!—Queen Victoria is dead. A Congressional investigation might help to remove the moth balls and sweep away the cobwebs, but Bendiner doubts its feasibility. Short of this, he urges increased appropriations, a public foreign-service training school, a better liaison with Congress, and, above all, an awakening of the citizenry to the need of a new diplomacy of democracy.

This balanced evaluation raises the issue of whether the department, as now constituted, is likely to lose the war of today and the peace of tomorrow as it helped to lose the peace of yesterday. "Do we feel confident," asks the author, "that men who have made an outmoded diplomacy the be-all and end-all of their official lives will readily abandon that diplomacy. . . ? To assume an affirmative answer is to take a long risk." A comparison with Downing Street under Baldwin, Chamberlain, and Churchill and with the Quai d'Orsay in the last days of its decadence would throw light on the question. A critique of the department's policies toward the United Nations as the basis of a free world order would also be relevant. But this partial solution of a fateful riddle does make it clear that the department is what it is and acts as it acts because it is committed not to the creation of a living future but to the preservation of an international system which has become an anachronism. With all its vices and virtues, the department has not yet grasped the import of Lincoln's words in another time of testing: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country."

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

From America South

FIESTA IN NOVEMBER. Stories from Latin America Selected and Edited by Angel Flores and Dudley Poore, with an Introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THERE is no biographical or historical apparatus in this collection of eighteen Latin American stories and novelettes; except for a few facts dropped by Katherine Anne Porter in her introduction, we are not told whether the writers are young or old, professional literary men, workers, or diplomats, successful or still unknown. But whatever the background of their authors, only two of the stories are about people of education and social privilege. Fiesta in November, the title piece by the Argentinian Eduardo Mallea, is an impressionistic study of a decaying upper-class family, symbolically interwoven with the account of an incident of fascist violence; it has considerable emotional power but it is turgid and forced in the writing and sentimental in its choice of detail. Brother Ass, by Eduardo Barrios of Chile, is a subtle, clever, almost brilliant story of the making of a latter-day saint, told through the mind of a sophisticated fellow-Franciscan. For the rest, these are stories of simple people—Negroes, Indians, and halfbreeds, fishermen, woodcutters, and peons.

These people live either in the country or on or near the sea. They are hot-blooded and reckless, generous and superstitious. Miss Porter points out the absence from their lives of all the familiar paraphernalia of civilization: there are no electric lights, radios, automobiles, or airplanes. But in our own fiction, too, it is the fashion to write about the periods of our history and the sections of our country in which life is still unmechanized. There is this difference: these Latin American stories have none of the self-conscious virtue and false innocence of our own "primitive" writing; they don't patronize their subjects. They deal with a primitive society, but their level of worldliness is very high. When we in the United States write about simple people we implicitly pay homage to modern industrial urban life by reducing man's stature quite in proportion as we strip him of machinery, but these Latin American writers know that man is no less complicated and dignified for living in a simpler culture. This is a true worldliness, and it is the sense in which I can agree with Miss Porter when she says that artists lie less than other people. The point seems to be that *good* artists lie less than other people—bad artists probably lie rather more than less—and these are good artists.

And what is striking, although it might have been expected, is that all the stories, not excepting the two sophisticated novelettes I have already mentioned, have in common the theme of the struggle between the individual and a hostile environment. Miss Porter speaks of the amount of "weather" in these stories, and certainly storms and cold and drought rage through their pages. But by the opposition between man and his world I do not mean merely this reiteration of "man pitted against the elements." Weather is only one of the hard conditions of these people's lives, a reality, of course, but also the symbol, in nature, of the fierce, almost unbroken circle of enslavement in which they all have their being. When the fleeing peon in The Fugitives meets his death in a torrential downpour, nature is only paying off with the last blow, and his companion who survives is inevitably returned to serfdom; the monk in Brother Ass is the prisoner of his vows, and the wealthy Ragues of Fiesta in November are enslaved by their class; in Country Girl the bondage of Vicenta to her family tradition is represented by the little hoard of gold and jewels stored in her father's cupboard, just as in Rain the bondage of the old couple to their dry soil is dramatized by the freedom of the child to wander at will into and out of their poor lives.

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But it is the economic bondage which is the master-bondage of them all, and how could it be otherwise in a land with such a history of economic exploitation and oppression? These stories are the stories of economic prisoners and, read with conscience, they should make any white man feel the guilty burden of his race and any North American blush for our good neighborliness. "I have no master, nigger. Slavery came to an end long ago," says a character in The Sloop Isabel Arrived This Evening, and she is answered, "But how about the belly? Live without eating and I'll call you Queen!" The quotation from one story might be the epigraph for the whole book. For it is the belly that chains these people to their fate and makes the weather so tragically important for them.

I don't know what Miss Porter means when she says in her introduction: "Of 'social consciousness,' which has been a fighting issue between writers all these years in the United States, there is almost none in the explicit sense. The wrongs committed by one class of society upon another are touched upon obliquely, by inference, in sorrowful little stories of evils endured in silence or rebelled against without hope." Does she mean that the disease has not been recognized because these writers don't give it a label or name its cure? True, these stories are about people and not about victims, and they are constructed not of attitudes but of understanding and insights; there are no slogans or parties, there is not even very much hope. But they are as explicit and effective as any stories written by our own most socially conscious and fighting writers of fiction; they are just better stories. DIANA TRILLING

Jennie Lee

THIS GREAT JOURNEY. By Jennie Lee. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

JENNIE LEE was only twenty-four when she became a member of the House of Commons, but her maiden speech—a blistering attack on the budget proposals of Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer—showed her astonished colleagues they had something more than an extremely pretty schoolgirl to reckon with. If she then seemed politically experienced beyond her years, it was because she had begun her political education at a tender age. In the miner's home which she describes in her autobiography with illuminating detail and warm affection the ugly facts of a class society were quickly assimilated.

Since her Parliamentary debut Jennie Lee has traveled widely and mingled in cosmopolitan and bohemian circles in the Old World and the New. But her spiritual home is still in the bleak villages where her grandfather fought and suffered to build up the Fife Miners' Union and where as late as 1926 her father was penalized after the general strike. And her faith in the integrity of the common man and his ability to create a better society remains undaunted.

In the last war Jennie's parents as Socialist pacifists were among the local leaders of a small and unpopular minority, a fact which for a short time outraged her natural childish instinct for the conventional. A historical parallel came to the rescue when she saw the despised and sometimes persecuted opponents of the war as "the modern Convenanters . . . fighting for conscience's sake." Today she is no longer a pacifist, but while working for the defeat of Hitler she remains a critic of the class structure of Britain and questions the ability of the government to win a struggle the revolutionary implications of which it is unable to grasp. Nor has she any faith in the Labor Party, dominated as it is by trade-union bosses whose timidity and lack of imagination she again and again castigates.

Her hopes, rather, turn toward Sir Stafford Cripps, like her an outcast from the ranks of official Labor. In him she sees a possible leader of a third party which would attract the numerous progressive independents in Britain and the many malcontent members of the older parties. But as Jennie Lee realizes, Cripps is "in a dangerously exposed position." In a postscript to her book at the end of May she suggests that the coal crisis provides an opportunity for him to challenge the old order by insisting that the mines be taken out of the hands of the mine owners. "The time has come," she writes, "when he must either do what he was put into the Cabinet to do or resign." But a compromise solution for the coal problem has since been adopted.

And then there is India. However bitter Cripps may feel about the intransigence of the Congress leaders, he can hardly approve the old-fashioned coercion tactics now being used against them. But he remains in the Cabinet. Has the polished technique of the British Tories for taking dangerous opponents into camp once again succeeded?

KEITH HUTCHISON

Hermann Rauschning says:

"This book surpasses by far the general level of the flood of anti-Nazi literature. The author speaks from living and practical experience."

DANZIG offers the conditions of a clinical laboratory for students of the Nazi experiment. Events that took months in the Reich took seven years in Danzig, and being the one democratic region in the German sphere of influence after Nazism came into power, it was the only place where democratic German reaction to National Socialism could be accurately measured.

The author of this book, a former Danzig lawyer now living in the United States, charts the events between 1933 and 1939 which led to the nazification of Danzig, step-by-step—from suppression of trade unions and stifling of the press to assaults on private persons, intimidation and violence. In miniature, here is a problem of world organization such as will confront the leaders of tomorrow. $3.50

Nazi Conquest of Danzig

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

BY HANS L. LEONHARDT

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IN BRIEF

THE GLOBE PLAYHOUSE: ITS DESIGN AND EQUIPMENT. By John Cranford Adams. Harvard University Press. $5.

Long after the Elizabethan drama had become a favorite subject of literary study little was known about the stage and theater for which it was written beyond a few vague notions involving the "bare stage" and the wooden "O." During the past thirty or forty years, however, an immense amount of time has been devoted to the effort to construct from the evidence, largely circumstantial, a more or less detailed picture of what the stage was like and what went on there. The author of the present book reexamines all that relates to the Globe, Shakespeare's own theater during the most important part of his career, adds some evidence of his own, and attempts to draw a somewhat more precise and particularized picture than any previous one. Other scholars have often used surviving stage directions and relevant bits of dialogue as clues to stage methods, but Mr. Adams is apparently the first who guarantees that he has examined every extant play and considered every such bit of evidence. He also uses contemporary building practice as a basis for discussion of what the general dimensions of the whole theater must have been and gives us the very few figures for which there is documentary justification. In general, he may be a bit too confident that the implications of his evidence can only be what he thinks they are, but his study is certain to take its place with the earlier standard ones. The description of just how a big scene in "The Tempest" must have been staged is very ingenious.

STRETCHING YOUR DOLLAR IN WARTIME. By Ruth Brindze. The Vanguard Press. $1.75.

Here are many useful suggestions to the housekeeper for meeting the rapidly rising cost of living. Miss Brindze's advice on the care and buying of food, clothing, all sorts of household equipment, and even automobiles is detailed and eminently practical, but few housewives, especially those who have outside jobs, will have the time or patience to shop quite as carefully as Miss Brindze apparently does herself. And very few men of the millions who select their own shirts will want to be bothered with counting the number of stitches in a seam to test the quality. Despite a few limitations of this sort, the book is admirable and should form a part of every efficient housekeeper's equipment in these days of rationing and shortages.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

What Is Your Name? By Louis Adamic. Harper. $2.50.

Mill and Mansion: A Study of Architecture and Society in Lowell, Massachusetts, 1820-1865. By John Coolidge. Columbia University. $3.75.

Billy Mitchell: Founder of Our Air Force and Prophet Without Honor. By Emile Gauvreau and Lester Cohen. Dutton. $2.50.

George Spelvin: American, and Fireside Chats. By Westbrook Pegler. Scribner's. $2.50.

Parachutes. By Herbert S. Zim. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Submarines: The Story of Undersea Boats. By Herbert S. Zim. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

RECORDS

OUTSTANDING on Columbia's August list is the third of Beethoven's "Rasumovsky" Quartets Op. 59, played by the Budapest Quartet (Set 510, $4.73). The work is one of the greatest of the "Eroica" period of Beethoven's career, both in what is characteristic of the period and in what is not —that is, in the triumphant finale, breath-taking in the relentless drive of its concentrated energy, and on the other hand the mysterious opening of the first movement, which points to the works of later years, and the wonderful slow movement, which is like nothing else in Beethoven in its strangeness, its "remote and frozen anguish." I cannot imagine a more effective statement of the work in living sound than the Budapest performance; but I can imagine a better reproducion of this sound than the cold, harsh, coarse one that comes from these records.

Also on the August list is one of Brahms's finest works, the Variations on a theme by Haydn: to the two superb and beautifully recorded performances of this work that have been available—Weingartner's on Columbia records, Toscanini's on Victor—Columbia adds the performance of Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set X-225, $2.63). Having had occasion to object to what Mitropoulos has done with most of the music I have heard him conduct, I am surprised by the excellence of this performance. For the most part he has the work proceed along customary lines; only in variations 6 and 7 are there striking departures from custom—in each an unusually fast pace. In each the unusual conception of the music is, for me, valid and interesting; what is unsatisfactory in variation 6 is the roughness and lack of clarity which may be a result of driving the orchestra faster and harder than it can go with ease, or of unskilful recording: the sound of the orchestra throughout this side is dull, muffled, cloudy. On the other sides it is brighter; but either in the performance or in the recording (and I suspect it was in the performance) there seems to have been an attempt to make all the strands of the polyphonic texture heard without any care to lift the more important ones into greater prominence than the less important—with the result that the important melodic lines in variations 3 and 4 are difficult to follow, and there is not the balanced clarity of the Weingartner and Toscanini versions. These older versions, therefore, are to be preferred to the new.

The music of Wagner's "Ring," on the other hand, is, for me, part of his worst; and that goes for "Dawn," "Rhine Journey," and "Siegfried's Death" from "Götterdämmerung" (Set X-224, $2.63). A friend for whom I played the first side without a preliminary word listened for a while and then remarked: "A tired old man's performance." As it happened it was the performance of the over-seventy-five-year-old Weingartner with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra; and what prompted the remark was not any feebleness in the playing—since Weingartner, as always, has the orchestra under control—but the perfunctoriness of the performance, its complete lack of the rhetorical expansiveness and power that makes Toscanini's performances of the two excerpts in the recent Victor set so magnificent. A person who cares for the music will, I think, prefer the Toscanini performances; he will also prefer the expanded versions of the excerpts that Toscanini conducts—with the additional first-act music with which he bridges the gap between "Dawn" and "Rhine Journey," the music of the dying Siegfried with which he leads up to "Siegfried's Death"; and he will prefer the greater richness of the recorded sound of the Toscanini performances—though the sound of the Weingartner is good. (Tovey, who objects to concert performances of "bleeding chunks" of Wagner, and for whom "Siegfried's funeral

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march, out of its context, is nonsense," observes further that "of its four main themes . . . two are among Wagner's most obvious lapses. . . . If we are to regard such a fragment as this funeral march as an independent composition, it is a serious defect that one of its main themes should be the very awkward and mechanical transformation of Siegfried's juvenile horn-theme into a sophisticated grown-up affair in learned syncopations, and that another should be the theme of Brünnhilde as a mortal woman, a theme which descends markedly below Weber's most suburban [*spiessbürgerlich*] style.")

The second act of "Tristan and Isolde" is part of Wagner's best; and Columbia gives us an excerpt which Tovey would object to—the beautiful passage in which Tristan replies to King Marke and then asks Isolde if she will follow him. It is sung by Melchior as well as Melchior is capable of singing these days, with an orchestra conducted by Leinsdorf. On the reverse side is the prayer from "Rienzi"; and the two excerpts are well recorded (71388-D, $1.05). On another single disc (71389-D, $1.05) Melchior sings two superb passages from Verdi's "Otello"—"Dio mi potevi scagliar" and "Niun mi tema."

On another single disc, finally (11817-D, $1.05), is Rodzinski's performance of the Overture to Weber's "Freischütz"—erratic in pace, nervous, and on the whole not effective, and recorded in a way that makes a *fortissimo* in the middle of a side less loud than a *forte* at the beginning.

Two readers have questioned my giving all the details of the reproducing equipment on which I play records. But I do this because records sound different on different machines, and I consider it my obligation to report the sound which they have (1) on wide-range machines — including light, sensitive pickups—such as a few readers have, and (2) on limited-range machines such as most readers have. I owe it to the first group of readers to report the defects of recording or surfaces that wide-range equipment reveals; and the second group should know to what extent these defects are concealed by limited-range equipment. The surfaces of nearly all the records I have discussed in the present article were unusually quiet with the wide-range Brush PL-25 pickup; only the first four sides of the Beethoven Op. 59 were bad; and they were quieter with the limited-range Astatic Tru-tan.

B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, one of *The Nation's* contributing editors, has recently returned from India.

HAROLD MAGER was formerly engaged in research for the New York State Board of Housing and the Laura Spelman Fund. He has contributed articles to the *New Republic* and other journals.

JOACHIM JOESTEN, for six years a correspondent in the Scandinavian countries, is now on the staff of *Newsweek.*

JACQUES BARZUN, assistant professor of history at Columbia, is the author of "Darwin, Marx, Wagner."

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, Woodrow Wilson professor of government at Williams College, is the author of "Night Over Europe: The Diplomacy of Nemesis."

DIANA TRILLING reviews fiction regularly for *The Nation.*

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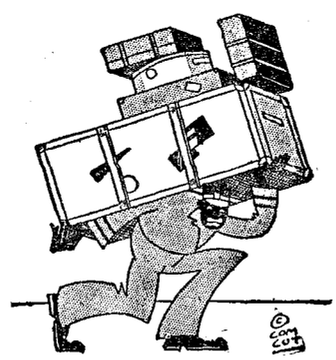

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Letters to the Editors

Bertrand Russell on India

Dear Sirs: The Indian situation is dangerous, and if it is to be wisely dealt with, clear thinking is very necessary. I find in some quarters a lack of clear thinking which may increase the dangers that we all wish to diminish.

There are some points about which we are all agreed. First, the Indian difficulty must be handled in the way most likely to help in winning the war. Second, as soon as the war is over, India is to have independence—as complete, at any rate, as Great Britain or any other country will have. The only practical question at issue is: what is to be done during the continuance of the war? I feel that neither the British government nor the Congress Party is treating this question in the way most likely to lead to victory. Many people in America seem to feel that Gandhi must be in the right since he stands for national independence; others feel that loyalty to an ally makes criticism of the British government impolitic. Both seem to me mistaken. On the one hand, insistence on immediate independence, with all the confusion resulting from a transfer of government in the middle of a war, would probably end in the enslavement of both India and China to Japan. On the other hand, the problem of India, since it is part of the problem of victory, is a problem on which all the United Nations have a right to a voice.

The question of India is much more complex than it appears to many American liberals. They do not know that one of the points on which the Cripps mission broke down was the unwillingness of the Hindus to admit that Moslems have the same right to independence from Hindus as Hindus from British. They do not face the difficulties of a complete change of government when a Japanese invasion is imminent. They profess to think that Sir Stafford Cripps's promises are not to be trusted. They imagine that if the demands of the Congress Party were granted, India would become enthusiastic for the war, although the example of Ireland should suggest the contrary. They attribute the poverty of Indians to the British, in spite of the fact that the poverty of China has always been at least as great. Mr. Louis Fischer, in *The Nation* of August 22, mentions that the infant death rate is 274 in Bombay as against 66 in London, and remarks that "such figures burn deep resentment, hatred, and disloyalty into the soul of India." The implication that the higher death rate of Bombay as compared with London is entirely the result of British misgovernment is most unfair. Bombay has a hot climate and a high birth rate; London a low birth rate and a temperate climate. I have no doubt that the British government could have done more than it has done to reduce the high infant death rate, just as the government of the United States could have done a great deal more than it has done to reduce the death rate among the children of Southern Negroes; but there is no reason to suppose that fewer children would die in Bombay if British rule were to be succeeded by a government headed by Mr. Gandhi. Some years ago Mr. Gandhi stated that the earthquakes then troubling India were sent as a punishment for sin. This attitude has never been very effective against a high infant death rate. And Mr. Fischer should remember that there is every reason to think that the death rate in China, before the beginning of the war with Japan, was at least as high as in India.

Above all, American liberals refuse to face the difficulty of establishing Indian independence overnight when every scheme hitherto suggested, whether by Indians or by the British, is vehemently rejected by a large section of Indian opinion.

The British government has been gravely at fault in the past, and Mr. Churchill has been even more reactionary than the government, as appeared in his opposition to the Government of India Act. In these circumstances it is not surprising that Sir Stafford Cripps's promises were not received at their face value. This difficulty, had it stood alone, could have been easily overcome: his promises could have been guaranteed by the United Nations. But this difficulty did not stand alone. The demand that India should be given full independence here and now is incompatible with victory, and would not be made by the Congress Party if it thought the defeat of Japan more important than immediate emancipation from England. It is this demand that creates the apparently insoluble difficulty. I believe, however, that a solution is still possible, though at some cost to British *amour propre.*

India, as an imperial possession, is lost to England; everyone in England, including Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery, knows this. The problem is to make the transition to self-government without handing India over to Japan. This problem concerns China and Russia just as much as it concerns England. It should be dealt with, not by England alone, but by the United Nations *jointly.* There should be appointed, with the consent of the British government, a commission of four men, chosen respectively by the British, American, Soviet, and Chinese governments, with full power to negotiate with all sections of Indian opinion and to make recommendations keeping in mind two objectives: first, that the war must be won; second, that Indian independence should be granted as soon as it can be granted without hindering this first objective. If, as I believe, complete independence cannot be granted now without retarding the conduct of the war, the commission would probably find that some of the functions of government could be transferred without delay. There should be, at the earliest possible moment, interim measures to produce an armistice in the present Indian conflict and, later, considered proposals for a permanent settlement. The British government should undertake to accept the findings of the commission provided the other three governments did so. If any section of Indian opinion rejected them it would be in effect siding with the Japanese and would have to be treated as a hostile force.

The measure should be regarded as a first step toward the establishment of an inter-Allied authority for deciding questions of common concern; and such an authority, in turn, should be viewed as the nucleus of a future international authority for the preservation of peace. *Complete* national independence, even for the strongest nations, has become an anachronism, since it can only lead to successive enslavement by predatory powers. For the same reasons a private imperialism, such as that of England in India, is equally an anachronism. But those American liberals who think that insurgent nationalism is right while imperialist nationalism is wrong are still living in the nineteenth century.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Malvern, Pa., August 27

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